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SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SIMON
LORD LOVAT, 1739-1743.

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No matter that turns up in connection with Simon Lord Lovat ever fails of being interesting. At present the North is moved by the appearance of a claimant to the Scottish Lovat Peerage and Estates, whose success would add a hundred-fold to the romance and interest attaching to Lord Lovat's career.

The letters after given show Simon at his best, being written after he had succeeded in assuring his position to the title and estates, and when it would seem his hitherto chequered life would be thereafter one of repose and prosperity. They nearly all concern social and domestic affairs, and are in this respect valuable, indicating his real character by and through his daily life and transactions. The most pregnant public allusion is contained in the letter to Mackintosh in December 1743, and shows that Lord Lovat was in close communication with the Stuarts, and hoped for an immediate landing.

Taking the letters in their order, I make a few comments. They are chiefly addressed to Mr Duncan Fraser, a well-to-do merchant of Inverness, elder brother of Simon Fraser, sometime Commissary at Gibraltar, who purchased the estate of Borlum, calling it Ness Castle, father of the well-known and respected Marjory Lady Saltoun.

The first letter is dated 20th May 1739, and his Lordship's kindness of heart is shown by his determination to right the lady whose cattle were stolen, and which were promised to be restored through Barrisdale, one of the captains of the Watch, known as Coll Ban. Mrs Mackenzie had just lost her only brother, the Rev. William Baillie, minister of the third charge of Inverness, son of the well-known Rev. Robert Baillie, of Inverness. Lord Lovat's correctness in his affairs is shown by his laying down the rule of settlement of accounts taking place monthly. The Governor of Inverness Castle referred to, was no doubt Grant, who was accused in 1745 of somewhat hastily surrendering the Castle to Prince Charles.—

Dear Cousin,—I gave you the trouble of a line yesterday, but received no answer. I hope this will find you and your people in good health, and I assure you and them of my kind humble service. You was yesterday busy at the melancholy occasion of the burial of my dear friend, Mr Wm. Baillie, which gives me great grief and concern. I beg you go from me, and wait of his sister, Mrs Mackenzie, and give her my most humble duty, and tell her that I have not fortitude to write to her upon her brother's death, but that I beg to know how she is, and that she may expect my friendship more than ever, and when the tribute that she must pay to nature is over, that I will expect to see her. In the meantime you may let her know that Barrisdale is my very good friend, and that he has actually a party in pursuit of the thieves that stole her cattle, and acquaints me that he does not doubt of success, so that I make not the least doubt of recovering her payment of her cattle.

Let me know if you have recovered all my things out of the Pledger, and when I may send for them. The bag of hops may be kept in a good place in the town, where you will think it safe from being spoiled, for we have no good place for it in this house. I entreat you may remember what I told you at parting, that we may clear accounts once a month, and then there will be no difficulty about vouchers for payment. Thomas Houstoun is to be out here to-morrow morning. I have desired him to wait upon the Governor, and to make him my compliments. If you have heard anything of his diet for Edinburgh, I entreat you to let me know it.

I likewise entreat you may know as of yourself what day the President comes to Bunchruive and Achnagairn, and goes through this country to Brahan, and if he dines at Bunchruive or Achnagairn, and what day he goes south, that my posts may be in good order as he passes. I shall long to hear from you. If

there is any news in town, I hope you will send them, and I am, with sincere esteem, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 20th May 1739.

The next letter is dated 12th June 1739, and in part refers to Lord Lovat's son, Alexander, who died at Dunmaglass in 1760, unmarried, a General in the Dutch service. At this time he was but a child, his father, however, describing him as having a large head. Notice may also be taken of his Lordship's patriotic intention to purchase a picture of Sir William Wallace, because Lovat, as he says, "always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and ancient families," though his desire was thwarted by Mr Evan Baillie of Abriachan (brother to Hugh Baillie of Dochfour), his Lordship's bailie and cashier, who probably knew that money could ill be spared.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I have sent the bearer, John Young General of our Taylors, to take off clothes for my little boy Sandie, so I entreat you go with him to any shop where you can get it most reasonable, and be so kind as to see him cut off as much good, strong, drugged, as will make the child a coat, waistcoat, and breeches, with lining and all other furniture conform. I hope his periwig is now ready, that you bespoke, and a little hat for him. It must not be very little for he has a good large head of his age. Be so kind as let me know the prices of everything, and what you bought out of other shops, that I may send you in the money immediately. If Mr Donald buys any books, and that you pay the money for them, I shall send you in that at the same time.

I am very glad that the Governor is so well. I shall have the honour to write to him to-morrow, and though he should go to Culloden, before I go into town, I will certainly pay my respects to him there, as I would do at Inverness, if he will allow me. I just now got your letter, and I give you a thousand thanks for sending him the salmon in my name; it gives me greater pleasure than twenty times the value of it, for I cannot express the honour and value I have for my dearest Governor.

Pray, tell Evan Baillie, that it was merely for the insinuations that he made to me in his letter, that I yielded my resolutions of purchasing Sir William Wallace's picture, for I always loved to preserve the glory and honour of old and antient families. Pray show this to Evan when he comes home.

I offer you, and your father and mother, and all the family,

my kind humble service. I hope your mother will remember what I recommended to her in the Roup. Forgive all this trouble, and believe that I am, very sincerely, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 12th June 1739.

The third letter is dated 1st June 1740, and shows what a good style Simon kept up. Four-and-twenty guests from different quarters was a large assembly, and contradicts the statement that his house and menage were mean.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I received this evening your letter. I am glad that you are well after your great fatigue of drinking, &c.

I have sent in John Forbes with money to pay Lachlan Mackintosh's hogshead of wine, and to see if there be any provisions had for me in town, for I am to have a throng company with me to-morrow. I believe I will have twenty-four covers, for I am to have strangers from several corners. I have ordered John Forbes to cause send in horses for all Lachlan Mackintosh's wine, and for six dozen of the Spanish wine, and for what provisions can be had. I offer you and your worthy mother my affectionate humble service, and I wish your honest father, and my friend William, a safe return home, and I am, with a sincere friendship and regard, dear Duncan,

Your affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 1st June 1740.

The seal is almost entire. Small deer head, surmounted with coronet, around "Je suis prest."

The fourth letter is dated 23rd June, same month, and is interesting as showing that there was an upper dining-room at Beaufort, and that east winds ran on till midsummer. This circumstance is important, for the prevalence of east winds about Inverness has been supposed to be a comparatively modern evil. Most old people now-a-days will affirm that in their younger days the prevailing winds were from the south-west, and the summers earlier.—

Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and my friend William, and all the family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my kindest respects and humble service.

I have sent in the bearer for my post letters, which I entreat you despatch as soon as possible with any other news you have in town. I got so much cold by going out yesterday with the easterly winds, and by dining in the High Dining Room, that I had the ague all night, and I am just now going to take a vomit.

I hope you have delivered my commission to Mr Grant. I shall long to hear from you. And I am, with a sincere esteem and regard, dear Cousin Duncan,

Your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 23rd June 1740.

Send 1s. 6d. more of farthings per bearer.

The fifth letter is the scroll of one from Duncan Fraser, to Lord Lovat, within which the letters were found wrapped up. It is without date, but the reference to Mr Speaker Onslow's re-election for the third time, fixes it to have been written in December 1741. It will be observed that though Mr Fraser gives gossip, which he knew would please his lordship, yet he knows, though so familiarly treated in the letters, his own position, and addresses Lord Lovat with every respect. I cannot throw light on the identity of the Doctor and Miss Stewart who are mentioned, and the reference to the Duke of Hamilton, through an undecypherable word, is obscure.

No date, December 1741.

My Lord,—I am honoured with your Lordship's. Am concerned you passed last night so ill. But hope the doctor will remove all such, as well as recover your legs, and continue your good spirits, which with your perfect health and happiness I sincerely pray.

The king's speech is here enclosed as in a Tuesday's *Evening Courant*. The Speaker is a third time placed in his chair.

I saw Miss Stewart last night at the Modists (Modistes?) and told her my surprise at her departure from your Lordship's, upon the doctors appearance, to which she made the same answer your Lordship wrote me of the other, which I would fain take to be ominous. Considering they will probably meet at your Lordship's ere the ensuing merry days are over, when I persuade myself your Lordship will not miss to egg the proper parties proceeding, so as to make him quit making one of the number of your country bachelors.

I am concerned for the sad melancholy—* of D. Hamilton. He had 63 prayed for this day.

Word unintelligible.*

The sixth letter, dated 7th February 1742, is highly amusing, and shows the unhappy position of his Lordship, when the youth Maclean who shaved him ran off. He complains that though he has 18 to 20 men servants, no one was qualified to shave him.—

My Dear Cousin Duncan,—I hope this will find you and your honest father and mother, and all the family in perfect health, and I sincerely assure you and them of my affectionate humble service.

That lazy, light-headed rascal, John Maclean, has behaved so insolently and impertinently for this long while past, that I was determined to keep him no longer than till Whitsunday next in my family. But some capricious whim having seized him, he left my service this day, without the least provocation, and I am resolved that he shall never put a razor on my face again. I have wrote to Edinburgh myself, and my secretary has wrote to Aberdeen to get me a riding footman that can shave and dress, but as I have not among eighteen or twenty men servants any one that can shave me till I get a new servant, I entreat, my dear Cousin Duncan, that you will find out some boy in Inverness that will come out with the bearer, or to-morrow evening, and if he pleases me I will keep him till I get another servant, and if he is inclined to stay with me I will, perhaps, engage him to serve me as riding footman. I don't think you can miss to find some lad that will be fit for my purpose amongst your barbers in town, and I shall pay him thankfully for his pains.

If you will be so kind as to do me the favour to come out here to see me on Tuesday, I will send in my own pad early on Tuesday morning for you, and you will bring my post letters along with you. But if the day be as bad as this day is, I must delay the pleasure of seeing you till a better day. William, Culmiln's son, who came in to see me an hour ago, says that this is the worst day that came this winter. Jenny, and the Chamberlain and his wife, and Mr Baillie, and Gortuleg, who are all here, join with me in making you our affectionate compliments. And I am, without reserve, my dear Duncan,

Your most affectionate cousin and faithful slave,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 6th and 7th February 1742.

The seventh and last, dated 21st November 1743, is addressed to the Laird of Mackintosh, and the politeness of the courtier is here seen to its full. It is sad to think that so soon after its date, such trouble fell on his Lordship and the Earl of

Cromarty. At this time, 1743, Simon states there was nothing but "mirth and affection," and that the Earl and Doctor Fraser "were enough to make a hundred rejoice if they were in company."—

My Dear Laird of Mackintosh,—It gives me vast joy to know by Invercauld and Dunie, that you, and the worthy Lady Mackintosh, and dear Miss Farquharson, are in perfect health. I pray God it may long continue. There is no man on earth wishes it better, and I humbly beg leave to assure you, and the good Lady Mackintosh, and Miss Farquharson, of my most affectionate humble duty, best respects, and good wishes, in which my son joins me.

I owe my dear Lady Mackintosh ten million of thanks for doing me the honour to engage her lovely brother, the young Laird of Invercauld, to see me in this little hutt. His visit has given me vast pleasure, and I have enjoined my son to live in great friendship with him all his life. He will make the prettiest gentleman that ever was called Farquharson, which I wish from the bottom of my heart. I was so lucky as to have here the Earl of Cromarty, and Lord Macleod, his son, and his Governor, and Doctor Fraser, when Invercauld came here. They are all still here, except Lord Macleod, who is gone to Edinburgh to his colleges. I never saw more delightful company than they have been, and continue so. The Earl and Doctor Fraser are enough to make a hundred rejoice, if they were in company. There was nothing but mirth and affection among us. Dunie will do me justice that I drank your health, and the good Lady Mackintosh's, as a family health every day, and when the toast went round, Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson were not forgot,

I am sorry that young Invercauld is so pressed with time, that he could not stay two or three weeks to make up a thorough acquaintance with my son, that they might contract such a friendship as would last all their days, after I am dead and gone. But I hope after this, their acquaintance wont be to make wherever they meet.

I beg my dear Laird of Mackintosh that you may do me the honour to let me hear from you once every week or ten days, that I may know how you and the good Lady Mackintosh and Miss Farquharson do. You have only to send your letters to Duncan Fraser's, by any person that comes to Inverness, and I will send my letter to him for you, so that we may correspond without you having the trouble of sending a servant to Beaufort, or my sending one to Moyhall, unless some extraordinary thing happen.

We expect great news by this post. If I have anything extraordinary, I will acquaint you. I pray God preserve our

friends, and restore the liberties of our country, and I am, with a most uncommon esteem, attachment, and respect, my dear Laird of Mackintosh, your most obedient and most faithful, humble servant, and most affectionate cousin,

(Signed) LOVAT.

Beaufort, 21st November 1743.

Altogether, these letters show Simon to have been kindly, hospitable, and charitable ; for it must be presumed that the lot of farthings he wished were intended for wandering beggars, a class he used to converse with when he met them.

I have the good fortune of possessing several other letters from Lord Lovat ; also a volume, "Crawford's Officers of State," which was in his library, with his book-plate, wherein part of his designation is "Governor of Inverness." It has also on an early blank page a long holograph note in Latin. Books with his plate are rare, as the Castle and whole contents were utterly destroyed by fire by the Hanoverian troops immediately after the battle of Culloden.

C. FRASER-MACKINTOSH.

FASSIEFERN'S FOSTER-BROTHER AND THE FRENCHMAN.

COLONEL John Cameron of Fassiefern, while serving in the Netherlands, was attended by his foster-brother, a young Highlander named Ewen Macmillan. One day this youth was at one of the British outposts, when he observed a Frenchman some distance off, and it immediately occurred to him to try and stalk the Frenchman, as he used to do the deer in his native forests of Loch-Arkaig. Accordingly, he crept silently towards the unsuspecting Frenchman, and was in the act of taking aim over a low dyke when his intended victim, having probably heard some slight sound, turned about, and seeing a head peering over the dyke, and the long barrel of a rifle pointed full at himself, he fired his musket, the shot carrying off Ewen's ear. Ewen, however, was revenged ; for he brought down the Frenchman next moment, and then rushed forward and transfixed him with his bayonet. He then returned to his master, the Colonel, and, in his expressive native tongue, said, "The devil's son ! Do you see what he did to me ?" Fassiefern, though sorry for his mishap, said, "You well deserved it, Ewen, in going beyond your post." "He'll no' do it again, faith !" was Ewen's pithy reply.—*Mackenzie's History of the Camerons.*

ANCIENT ALLIANCE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND FRANCE.

III.

LEAVING the vexed question of when the Alliance originated, we proceed to note when it ended; for like all other temporal things it came to an end at last. Several influences were at work for many years before this was accomplished. One thing which tended to weaken the friendly feeling between the two nations was the overbearing and arrogant conduct of the Guises, who, under the pretence of protecting the rights of their young relative, Mary Queen of Scots, then newly married to the Dauphin, veiled the most ambitious designs on Scotland. To show this, the following abridged quotation is given from *The Scot Abroad* :—Scotland had improved in wealth, yet the relative proportions of the two countries had vastly altered. Their diplomatic relations had changed, at least on the French side, in the assumption of a protecting and patronising nomenclature. The papers revealed to the world by M. Teulet, show that from the time when the heiress to the crown of Scotland came into the possession of her ambitious kinsfolk, they were laying plans for governing Scotland in Paris, and annexing the country to the throne of France. Dated in the year 1552 is a “ Declaration ” or Memorandum of the Parliament of Paris, on the adjustment of the Government of Scotland. In this document one can see, under official formalities, the symptoms of an almost irritable impatience to get the nominal government vested in the young Queen, in order that the real government might be administered by her kinsfolk.

The Scots Lords now saw sights calculated, as the Persians say, to open the eyes of astonishment. A clever French statesman, M. D' Osel, was sent over as the adviser of the Regent, to be her Prime Minister, and enable her to rule Scotland after the model of France. A step was taken to get at the high office of Chancellor, with possession of the Great Seal. The office of Comptroller of the Treasury was dealt with more boldly, and put into the hands of M. Villemore.

These arbitrary proceedings naturally alarmed the national

pride of the Scots, and went far to undermine the friendship which had so long existed ; but there was yet another influence at work equally if not more powerful. The Reformed religion, already established by law in England, was making rapid strides among the Scots, and when John Knox arrived in Scotland, fresh from experiencing the horrors of a galley slave in France, and lifted his powerful voice against the French, their religion, and their policy, the whole nation was aroused, and the breaking of the hitherto inviolate alliance was determined upon. To effect this, it was necessary that the leaders of the movement should negotiate with England for sympathy, and, if need be, for substantial help. Knox himself conducted the first embassy to England, which was one of considerable danger, as the Queen Regent already suspected that there was some understanding between the discontented Scots and the English Court. Queen Elizabeth was anxious to make peace with Scotland, as is abundantly shown from the State papers of the time ; for instance, it is said—" We think the peace with Scotland of as great moment for us as that with France, and rather of greater ;" and again—" And for our satisfaction beside the matter of Calais, nothing in all this conclusion with the French may in surety satisfy us, if we have not peace with Scotland," with many similar passages.

It being definitely settled to enter into a league with England, the next question was where should the Commissioners meet to sign the agreement. It was not to be supposed that England should go to Scotland, and the Scots were equally determined that they would not enter upon English ground. The dispute was amusing, as showing the jealous care with which the Scots guarded their national honour. One of the Commissioners, Bishop Tunstall, says—" Our first meeting was in the midst of the river between us both ; for the Scots do regard their honour as much as any other king doth." Again, the Earl of Northumberland, writing to Cecil, says—" They were ready to meet the Scottish Commissioners on the first day, on the boulders that are in the mid stream ; but they claimed customs, and caused the messengers to go to and fro so often, that they forced the English Commissioners to come over the water into Scottish ground, or else would not have met at all." So the Scots vindicated their independence to their own satisfaction, and a league

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was formed, which, unlike the French one, was only cemented stronger as time went on, until there was no longer any occasion for either leagues or alliances.

The long connection between France and Scotland left many traces behind, in terms of every day use, as well as in customs. According to Hill Burton, the Scottish Law system was copied from the French. The Scots also followed the French style of pronouncing the Classic languages, which is different to the English style. The Scotch Bankruptcy laws also followed the French. The Scotch "cessio" being nearly an exact parallel to the French "cession," and when, in 1533, the Court of Session was established, it was a very distinct adaptation of a French institution. The University of King's College, in Aberdeen, was constructed on the model of that of Paris, and the titles and officers of Chancellor and Rector were both taken from France. So also the term Censor, one who calls over the roll of names to mark those absent. Deans and Faculties are French terms still in use in Scottish Universities, and though long since discontinued in those English ones, the former is retained still as a dignity of the Church. "The *Doyens* of all sorts, lay and ecclesiastical, were a marked feature of ancient France, as they still are of Scotland, when there is a large body of lay deans, from the lawyer, selected for his eminence at the bar, who presides over the Faculty of Advocates, down to 'my feyther and deacon,' who has gathered behind a 'half-door' the gear that is to make his son a capitalist and a magistrate. Among the Scottish Universities the Deans of Faculty are still nearly as familiar a title as they were at Paris or Bologna."

The term Lauration is another French word still preserved in Scottish Universities as the classical name for the ceremony of admission to a degree. Again, there is "Humanity," as applied to Philology in Scotland. Hill Burton says—"The term is still as fresh at Aberdeen as when Maimbourg spoke of Calvin making his humanities at the College of La Mark. The "Professor of Humanity" has his place in the almanacs and other official lists, as if there were nothing antiquated or peculiar in the term, though jocular people have been known to state to unsophisticated Cockneys and other simple people, that the object of the chair is to inculcate on the young mind the virtue of exercising humanity towards the lower animals; and it is be-

lieved that more than one stranger has conveyed away, in the title of this professorship, a standing illustration of the elaborate kindness exercised towards the lower animals in Scotland." During his first year at Aberdeen, a student is called a Bejeant; three hundred years ago, a student of the first year at Paris University was called a Bejanne, and the name often turned up in old French writers.

Presbyterianism even has retained a relic of the old French League in its Church nomenclature; indeed some say that the whole system, its doctrines and forms, were imported from France ready-made by the Huguenots. In any case the Scotch Presbyterians adopted the terms of "Moderator" from the French Moderateur, a name applied to the President of the Huguenots' Ecclesiastical Courts; and also the word "overture" as used when a motion is made in a presbytery "to overture" the General Assembly. This is taken from "*œuverture*," by which solemn business was commenced in Huguenot meetings.

The architecture of the Scottish castles bore a striking resemblance to the French Chateau, and was quite different to the style then in vogue in England.

The same author traces at great length the connection between the Hogmanay of Scotland and the Eguimené of France, and proves that while the earliest notice of Hogmanay by Scotch writers goes no further back than the middle of the seventeenth century, there are numerous references made to the French custom of Eguimené by old French writers of an early date. He says:—"In two numbers of the French paper '*L' Illustration*,' I happen to have seen a representation of children going about on New-Year's eve demanding their egui-mené. The word had a sort of rattling accompaniment not unlike our own—thus *Eguimené*, *rollet follet*, *Tiri liri*." Again, speaking of the etymological dictionary of Menage, he says:—"Under the word *Haguignétes* he quotes information furnished by M. de Grandemesuil, who says he remembers in his youth that, in Rouen, the word was pronounced *hoguignétes*, and he gives a specimen of the way in which he remembers the boys in his own quarter singing it as they solicited their New-Year's eve gifts. Menage records his correspondent's theory of the origin of the word, without either impugning or adopting it. The root is *hoc in anno*—in this year—as inferring a hint that it is still

time before the year expires to do a small act of generosity to the suppliant, so that the giver may pass into the New Year with the benefit of his gratitude."

Then there are a great number of words which people use every day, little thinking that they are a remnant of the kindly old French alliance, such as Gigot (leg of mutton); Groset, gooseberry, from *Groseille*; Haggis, from *Hachis*, hashed meat; Kick-shaws, from *Quelque chose*, a made-up dish; Kimmer, from *Commère*, gossip; Demented, from *Dementi*, deranged; jalouse, from *Jalouser*, to suspect; Ashet, from *Assiette*, a plate or dish; Gude-brither, from *Bonfrère*, brother-in-law; Dour, from *Dure*, obstinate. A great many more could be given, but enough has been said to show the close connection of the two peoples.

Though the Union of Scotland to England is in all respects the most natural, as well as the most advantageous, still we should not be unmindful of the benefits Scotland derived from her ancient alliance with France. Besides providing a refuge for wandering Scots, it was instrumental in polishing the rude and somewhat barbarous manners of Scotland in the middle ages. It also helped the Scots to maintain their independence as a nation, against the repeated attempts of England to subdue them, while, on the other hand, the open hospitality extended by the French was always nobly requited by the devotion and faithfulness of the Scots.

M. A. ROSE.

O R A N,
LE MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' agaunn an dè
Gum b' fhearr leam i agam,
No earras'us spréidh.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' agaunn an dè.

Mo chion air an òg-bhean,
Lùb ùr a' chuil bhòidhich,
Gu binne a còmhradh,
No 'n smòrach air ghéig.
Mo chion air a' chailinn,
A bh' agaunn an dè.

Mo chion air an aingil,
 Lòb ùr a chuil chlannaich,
 'S gurgil i fodh b-anart
 No cannach an t-sléibh.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

Gur mise bhiodh deònach,
 Air d' fhaotuinn ri phòsadh
 A chuachag an òr-fhuilt,
 Is bòidhche fodh 'n ghréin.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

Gur milse leam t-anail,
 No caoin ubhlan meala,
 'S do bhiathran chò banail,
 Ri d' cheanal 's ri d' bhéus.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

Ged gheibhinn-se fearann,
 Le spréidh agus earras,
 Gum b' fhéarr leam mar leannan thu,
 'Bhean a' chuil réidh.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

Gur riomhach am flùr thu,
 'S gur usal do ghiùlan,
 'S bidh mise fodh thùrsa,
 Mu dhiùlt thu dhomh spéis.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

Do mhiog-shuil tha boisgeadh,
 Le drillse an daoimein,
 'S do chridhe lan caoimhneis,
 'S tu aoibhneas mo chléibh.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

'S a ribhinn nam blàth-shuil,
 Nach toir thu do làmh dhomh,
 'S gur briodal do mhàhrain team,
 Ailleas gach féisd.
 Mo chion air a' chailinn,
 A bh' againn an dé.

KING ROBERT BRUCE: HIS FOOTPRINTS IN THE HIGHLANDS.

AFTER the death of King Alexander the III., King of Scots, in 1285, the royal race of Scotland in a direct line became extinct by the death of his grand-daughter, the only child of the King and Queen of Norway. Although heirs in a direct line ceased to exist, there were no lack of claimants for the Crown by distant relatives of the late King. After the claims of various parties were investigated, it became evident, that John Baliol and Robert Bruce were the nearest heirs. John Baliol was the great-grandson of David Earl of Huntington by his eldest daughter, Margaret; while Robert Bruce was a grandson by the second daughter, Isabella. David Earl of Huntington was brother to William King of Scots, grandfather to King Alexander the III., who was the last that sat on the throne. It then became a disputed question amongst the nobles, who of these two was the nearest heir, Baliol, the great-grandson of the eldest, or Bruce, the grandson of the second daughter. Both parties had powerful supporters, and to save the nation from civil commotion and bloodshed, it was agreed to submit their claims to the arbitration of Edward King of England. The use to which that cruel and unscrupulous monarch applied the power with which he was entrusted, is matter of history, which became wound up in the triumphant victory of the Scots over the English army on the gory field of Bannockburn.

And let it never be forgotten, that but for the heroic patriotism of the noble Wallace, Scotland ceased from that date to exist as an independent kingdom.

John Baliol, although crowned King, was compelled to submit to such degradation at the Court of Edward, that he preferred to forfeit the crown and become an exile, and, therefore, removed from London to the Court of France. John Cumming, a powerful noble, and cousin to John Baliol, who, himself, was a claimant for the Crown, and Bruce accidentally met on the road near Stirling (after the exile of Baliol), both deplored the condition to which Scotland was reduced under the yoke of England,

and entered into a bond to free their country from its condition, Cumming agreeing to accept the Lordship of Annandale on condition that he gave Bruce every possible assistance to become possessed of the Crown. This done, Bruce repaired to the Court of Edward, and the treacherous Cumming lost no time in sending his copy of the bond to that Monarch with the advice that Bruce should be slain without delay, as he was a man who endangered the peace of the kingdom. Edward resolved to act on the advice of Cumming, but he delayed the execution of Bruce until he could first lay hands on his three brothers, least there might spring up new claimants for the Crown. Bruce became a suspect at the Court of Edward, and was for a time under surveillance in London. The Earl of Montgomery was also at the Court, and, becoming aware of the design against the life of Bruce, sent him, to his place of confinement, a pair of gilt spurs, which were intended as a warning to him to make tracks for Scotland. Accordingly he does make tracks, with the design of putting the hounds off the scent too. He gets a pair of horses shod the reverse way, that his tracks in the snow might not be followed. Then with his man attending, he made his escape for the north, and in five days he arrived in Lochmaben Castle, where he met his brother Edward, and told him of his adventure and the treachery of John Cumming. Edward informed him that the Red Cumming was at that very time in Dumfries. Without delay he sprang into his saddle and set off. Barbour, the historian says, that he showed Cumming with a laughing face the indenture, and "Syne with a knife, right in that stead, him reft of life. Sir Edward Cumming also was slain, and many others of meikle main." After this tragedy in the Friar's Kirk of Dumfries, Bruce returned to Lochmaben, and called a meeting of his friends, who resolved that he should proceed immediately to Scone and be crowned King, and that they would defend his right to reign with all their power and influence.

About this time the renowned James Douglas (whose father was beheaded by Edward, and his estates given to Clifford, one of his own generals) returned from his exile. He heard, while living with the Bishop of St Andrews, of the intention of Bruce and his party, and prepared to share their fortune, or fall with their failure. He met the party at a place called Ayrik-Stane.

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From thence they proceeded to Glasgow and on to the Palace of Scone, got Bruce seated on the coronation stone and crowned King of Scotland in the year 1306. Barbour says—

" When Edward the King was told,
How that the Bruce was so bold,
Had brought the Cumming to ending,
How he syne made him King.
Out of his wits, he went well near,
And called to him Sir Aymer,
And him men and arms ta,
And in by to Scotland ya,
And burn, and slay, and rais dragoon,
To him that might, or tack, or slay,
Robert the Bruce that was his Fae."

Sir Aymer arrived in Perth with 1500 of an army, and Bruce, although near enough to make an attack on the fortified city, refrained. His party, although the best of men, were few in number. The chiefs of his company were the Earls of Lennox and Athole, Edward Bruce, Hugh Hay, David Barclay, Somerville, and James Douglas; Chrystal of Seaton, and Robert Boyd. Barbour says that, although they were few they were worthy, and filled with great chivalry. The town of Perth at the time was walled and fortified, where the English army was secure from attack. For the purpose of gaining time, and the increasing of their number, the Scots removed to Methven, got encamped in a wood, and sent out a foraging party to procure provisions. Sir Aymer with his forces came unexpectedly on the camp. Bruce cried, "To arms." The combat did not continue long; although the Scots fought bravely, they were compelled to give way. Barbour says of Bruce, that—

" He did ding on so heavily,
That those who seen him in that feight,
Should hold him for a doughty knight;
But they fled and skailed here and there,
For their small folks began to fail."

Sir Aymer was the victor at Methven, and returned to Perth with several of the nobles of Bruce's party prisoners, of whom the historian says—

" Some they ransomed,
Some they slew,
Some they hanged,
And some they drew."

The number of Bruce's forces at the Battle of Methven was about 500. Many of the lower orders deserted after his defeat; so also did Malcolm Earl of Lennox, although it is stated by some historians that he was one of the two nobles who stood by the King in all his trials. There remained, however, with him the Earl of Athole, James Douglas, Gilbert Hay, and Sir Neil Campbell. Here (at a very early period in the history of our little kingdom) is the head of the noble family of Argyle, coming to the front in defence of civil liberty. It is said that he was a man of singular merit, and a true patriot; and although he submitted to the rule of John Baliol for a time, no sooner did Bruce assert his title to the crown than he joined him heartily, and never afterwards deserted him, even in his utmost distress. He assisted at his coronation in Scone in 1306. He afterwards commanded a party of Loyalists against the Lord of Lorn, and reduced him to the King's obedience. He entered into an association with Sir Gilbert Hay, Sir Alexander Seaton, and other Loyalists, wherein they bound themselves till death to defend the liberties of their country, and the right of King Robert Bruce to the crown against all enemies, French, English, and Scots, to which they put their hands and seals at Cambuskenneth, the 9th day of September 1308.

After their defeat at Methven, Bruce and his party retreated to the east, and found refuge for a time in the city of Aberdeen. There they met numerous sympathisers, amongst whom was Neil Bruce, the Queen, and a number of ladies, whose lords had risked their lives to share the fortunes of their King. In Aberdeen they remained in comfort till driven forth by the English, thereafter betaking themselves to the mountains. The Queen and her lady associates became a source of care and a hindrance to their progress, but they all desired to share the fate of their husbands. It is somewhat difficult to trace the footprints of Bruce and his party up Braemar, over Braeriach and Druimuachdar. But their path can be traced past Sithchaillion. On the north side of that mountain is seen the ruin of the Castle of Donnachadh Reamhar. One historian says that Donnachadh was a Cowal man, but the author of the *Historic Scenes of Perthshire* says that he was the ancestor of the Robertsons of Struan. Donnachadh was a supporter of Bruce, and for a time the Royal party took refuge in his castle.

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Previous to their arrival, however, Macdougall of Lorn came to Rannoch with his forces to subdue Donnachadh, but was defeated, and returned to recruit his forces, with whom he afterwards met Bruce at Dailree. In Dailchoisnie, in Rannoch, Bruce had an encounter with a party of the English sent in pursuit of him, whom he defeated. The field of victory (Dailchoisnie)—the field on which they fought—has its name from the event. The name of the hut in which he rested on the night after the battle is called Seomar-an-Righ, that is, the King's Chamber. The ford on the Tummel, near the field, is called the King's Ford, and the eminence above is called the King's Watch Tower. From Rannoch the party went in a south-westerly direction to Glenlyon, thence to Glenlochy, entered Glendochart by a pass in the mountain on the farm of Clachan, and down hill to the old Priory of St Fillan. Here there is undoubted traces of the footprints of the Royal party. The topography of the country has preserved, in the language of the Celtic race, the most astonishing and unmistakeable traces of their identity, after the lapse of 578 years. Here the Royal party was met by Macdougall of Lorn with an army of 1000 men, while the muster roll of Bruce did not exceed 200. With the disadvantage of having the Queen and her lady friends to protect, he must have been sorely pressed.

The King's adventures in this mountain region have left conspicuous traces of his presence. The night before his encounter with Lorn was passed in devotions with the Prior in the old Cathedral of Strathfillan. Tradition says that the King received, not only the good man's hospitality, but also his sincere blessing, a kindness which the Bruce never forgot, as is clear from the Royal favours bestowed on the Prior and on the Priory, after the King got himself securely seated on the Throne. The charter bestowing the lands of Auchertyre on the Priory is still preserved, and the confirmation of that charter by King James the II., and King James the IV. in 1488, can still be seen. While the King was having the hospitality of the Prior, his sentinels were posted about half-a-mile to the west of the Cathedral, in which direction he looked for the coming of his foe, Macdougall, who, be it observed, was nephew to the Red Cumming, whom Bruce slew behind the alter in the Friar's Kirk of Dumfries. The knoll on which the sentinels were posted is in the narrowest part

of the glen, and is known by the name of Uchdarire (Uchd-an-Righ-fhaire, or the knoll of the King's sentinels), immediately to the west of which is Dail-Righ (or the King's Field), where the skirmish between the opposing forces must have taken place. There could not have been much of a battle, the opposing parties being so very unequal in numbers. Bruce must have been an expert strategist, shown here as well as elsewhere.

There is no district in the Highlands that I have visited of which the scenery is so intensely interesting as the historic scenery of Strathfillan. While standing on a heathery knowe close by Loch-nan-arm the spectator is within a few yards of the spot where King Robert delivered himself of those felon-faës-three, as they are called by Barbour—men who have sworn to slay the King or perish in the attempt. Close by is the spot where these men are supposed to have been laid in the earth. And also near at hand is the knoll where must have stood the Lord of Lorn when he rebuked the Baron Macnaughton for expressing his admiration of the King in laying his fellows-faës prostrate on the heath. A short way eastward is the ford where fell the piper of King Robert. This ford was at a more recent period used by the renowned Rob Roy, when, in the garb of a beggar, he carried across a party of Englishmen, for which he received a few coins, and acted as a guide to them on their way to Crianlarach, where they were stripped of their arms by the dread-nought Clan Gregor. Full in view, and within the distance of one mile, is the ruin of the Priory of Strathfillan, once an extensive pile of buildings, where the gospel of truth was first taught to the native races by the venerable St Fillan, who left his blessing on the waters of the river at a spot which pilgrims from distant parts continued for a thousand years to visit, and to bathe in the holy pools for the cure of some real or supposed ailment. Nearer still is the battlefield of Dail-Righ, to the east of which is the knoll on which were posted the sentinels of King Robert on the night before the battle. The name of the knoll still commemorates the event, viz., Uchd-an-Righ-fhaire (Auchtertyre), or the knoll of the King's watchers.

Within a few yards of this knoll can be seen the circular ruin, supposed to be the seat of the Court, where the claims of Lady Glenorchy and John MacCallum Macgregor to the lands of Coryhenan were settled, February 19, 1468.

Close to the Holy Pools, on the lands of Achariach, may be seen the place of execution where criminals stood in full view of the gallows while on their trial at the Court or Mòd of by-gone days.

About one mile to the west is Ari-Mhòr, where tradition says the King's party passed the first night after the defeat of Dail-Righ, and the King slept in a goat-hut without the luxury of either bed or bed-clothes. On getting up the following morning Bruce was so pleased and surprised at finding his dress none the worse, nor requiring the use of even a brush, that he proclaimed that goats should for ever have free pasture.

In the recollection of men still living there were large flocks of goats in Glendochart which were never charged for pasturing, even if straying on a neighbour's lands ; while sheep and cattle were always driven away if they crossed the march boundary. To the east rises the massy crest of Ben-More, towering higher than its neighbour mountains, towards the sun-rising. And to the west is the still higher Ben-Luie, with its chasms full of winter's snow, bidding defiance alike to torrents of rain and summer sunshine.

To the north, and full in view, as if threatening to invade Cloud-land, towers majestically the never-to-be-forgotten Ben-Dorain, rendered classic by the celebrated Donnachadh-Ban-Macintyre, whose song in praise of Ben-Dorain must continue to be a gem of the poetic gift, so long as a remnant of the native race remains, and so long as Gaelic continues to be the language of song.

After crossing the River Dochart, and ascending the hill, with the design of passing up the Glen of Achariach and down Glenfalloch, Bruce was defending the rear of his retreating army when he was attacked by three of Lorn's party, two of whom had been bound by an oath to slay the King or perish in the attempt. The first laid hold of the bridle of the King's horse. Barbour relates the incident as follows :—

“ One him by the bridle hint,
But he reached him sic a dint ;
That arm and shoulder flew him frae,
With that another cam him tae ;
And by the leg,
Between the stirrup and the foot ;

And when the King felt there his hand,
 In the stirrup stily did he stand,
 And spurred his steed,
 So that the other failed feet;
 The third with full great hy with this,
 Did stert behind him on his steed;
 Syne with the sword sic dint him gave,
 That he the head to the harns clave;
 Then strake the other vigorously,
 That he after his stirrup drew,
 That at the first stroke he him slew;
 On this wise him delivered he,
 Of all these fellows faes three."

Although the style of Barbour's writing is somewhat peculiar, it is quite intelligible and interesting. From the foregoing, it is evident that the three men must have fallen within a few yards of each other. It was the man who got behind him on the steed that took with him in his dying grasp the King's plaid, and the brooch that remains a memorable relic in the British Museum, known as the Brooch of Lorn. Barbour writes that when the fallen heroes had seen the King turn and face so many of his pursuers—

" They bate till that he was entered
 Into a narrow place betwixt the lochside and the brae,
 That was so strate I underta,
 That he might not well turn his steed
 Then with a will they to him geed."

The King and his party had a very narrow escape in this mountain region, which he did not incline to forget. Seeing that so soon as he got securely seated on the Throne, he bestowed on the Prior of St Fillan's Chapel a substantial endowment from the lands of Auchtertyre, we have reason to believe that the Prior with his crook (or pastoral staff) was in attendance at the battle of Bannockburn. It is also believed that Bruce gave orders for the adorning of the crook with a case or cover of silver, which crook and case is still preserved, and can be seen in the Museum of Antiquaries in Edinburgh; the Society having got possession of it a few years ago from Alexander Dewar, Province of Ontario, Canada.

After the defeat at Dail-Righ, and the conflict with the Mac-Geuchs, Lorn pursued the Royal party no further. The first night being passed at Ari-Mhor, their second encampment was in Glenfalloch.

The spot where they passed the night is still pointed out. A large boulder-like rock is called Creag-an-Righ (the King's Rock), in memory of the encampment. There they passed the second night. On the morrow the Earl of Athole requested that, on account of his failing health, he be allowed to leave and make his way to Blair-Athole. A Council was held. The Queen and the ladies also wanted to be removed to a place of safe retreat. Accordingly it was resolved to give up all the ponies to the Queen and her lady friends, and that Neil Bruce, the Earl of Athole, and a staff of attendants, proceed from the mountains of Glenfalloch to the Castle of Kildrummie, a stronghold near the River Don, in Aberdeenshire. Barbour says—

"The Queen and all her company
Lap on their horse, and forth can fare,
Men might have seen who had been there,
At leave-taking the ladies grat,
And made their faces with tears wat,
And the knights for their looves' sake ;
Both sigh and weep, and mourning make,
And kissed their loves at parting."

It is quite impossible for us who know these mountain ranges, stripped of their native forests, as they now are, and intersected with roads, to picture to ourselves the hardships and fatigue to which those noble patriots were compelled to submit while travelling from Glenfalloch to Kildrummie Castle.

Barbour informs us that they accomplished their journey, and found themselves secure for a time in a well-fortified stronghold—so strong as to defy the efforts of the English to reduce it, until they found among the besieged, a traitor of the name of Osborne, who set fire to the stored-up forage, by which the Castle was destroyed, and which compelled the besieged to surrender.

The Queen, her daughter, Neil Bruce, and the others were taken prisoners to England, Edward at the time being on his deathbed. Nevertheless his order in reference to the male prisoners were, "Hang and Slay." The Queen and her daughter remained prisoners till after Bannockburn, when they were exchanged for English nobles, who were prisoners in the Castle of Bothwell.

King Robert and his party, now relieved of the care of the Queen and the ladies, threaded their way down the east side of

Loch-Lomond, and on the third day's march, in snell and showry weather (it being then the beginning of winter), they found a small boat, somewhat leaky, which could ferry only three men at a time. With it, however, they succeeded in getting ferried in a day and a night. Before leaving the camp at Glenfalloch, it was resolved that an effort should be made to get conveyed to the Castle of Dunaverty, in Kintyre, a stronghold of the Macdonalds, whose chief was a supporter of Bruce and his party. Accordingly, Sir Neil Campbell was dispatched, and his expedition is described by the historian as follows :—

" Sir Neil Campbell before sent he,
To get him maving and meat,
And certain time to him set,
When he should meet him at the sea.
Sir Neil with his menzie (men) went his way
Without more leting,
And left his brother with the King,
And in twelve days so travelled he,
That he got shipping good and plenty,
And victuals in great abundance."

Having got ferried across Loch-Lomond, as we may suppose about Tarbert, the chief of Macfarlane (and no doubt some of his clan) being of the party of Bruce, would have been a sure guide in those rugged mountain ranges through which they must have passed. Macfarlane was son-in-law to the Earl of Lennox, who parted with Bruce after the defeat at Methven. Some historians say that the Earls of Lennox and Athole were the only parties who remained with the King after his defeat at Dailree ; in this they are mistaken, as Lennox parted with the King at Methven ; and Athole, in company with the Queen in Glenfalloch, having got across the lake safely, their frail ferryboat being insufficient to carry much provision, they formed into foraging parties after landing—the King in charge of one party, and Sir James Douglas in charge of the other. Whether they got astray in a cloud of mountain mist, which often forms a nightcap for the Cobblar, is not exactly stated by the historian. The King having occasion to blow his horn, Lennox, who was also on the hills on a hunting expedition, heard it, and knowing that the blast came from the horn of Bruce, proceeded in haste to meet him. Barbour describes this meeting as follows :—

" He went right to the King in hy,
 So blyth and so joyful as he,
 For he the King wend had been deed,
 And he was also will of reed;
 And all the Lords that were there,
 Right joyful of their meeting were,
 And kissed him in great dainty;
 It was great pity for to see
 How they for joy and pity grat,
 When they with their fellows met.
 The Earl had meat, and that plenty,
 And with glad heart it them gave he,
 And to the Lord syne loving made,
 And thanked him with full good cheer.
 After meet soon rose the King,
 When he had learned his speering,
 And busked him with his menzie (men),
 And went in by towards the sea,
 Where Sir Neil Campbell soon them met,
 Both with ships and also with meet,
 With sails and oars and other thing,
 That were speedful to their passing;
 Some went to steer and some to oar,
 And rowed by the Isle of Bute.

So far on his perilous journey have we followed the footprints of King Robert the Bruce. He and his party arrived safely in the Castle of Dunaverty, on the Mull of Kintyre, where they remained for a short time, after which crossed to the Island of Rathlin, on the coast of Ireland, where they passed the winter.

COIRE'N-T-SITH.

AMERICAN SYMPATHY FOR THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.—The New York *Scotsman*, in a recent issue, says—"On this Continent, also, the bitter, burning wrongs of the crofters, and their wail of distress, have struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of their countrymen in the United States and Canada, and active measures are being taken to provide means for their defence and relief. In Chicago measures for the relief of the crofters have assumed a more tangible form, and recently a Society was organised there by the Scottish Residents, which is designated the 'Scottish Land League of America.' The Rev. Duncan Macgregor was appointed president, and the organisation proposes to collect 20,000 dollars for the defence of the so-called 'deforcing crofters,' and for aiding these oppressed fellow-countrymen in other ways. At the last session of the organisation, a committee appointed to prepare an address to be presented to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone submitted it to the meeting. The address was approved, and forwarded at once to the British Premier."

WIRE-FENCING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

IN the Field of the 4th of April, an excellently written and graphic description of wire-fencing extraordinary in the mountains of Strathglass and Kintail appeared from the pen of Mr W. J. Smith, of Messrs Smith & Son, ironfounders, Inverness, who have recently invented and patented one of the best and most simple wire-fencings hitherto brought under the notice of the public. The erection of the fence was carried out under the personal superintendence of Mr Smith himself, and keeping in view that, though in business in the Highland capital, he is a Lowlander by birth and education, his reference to the excellent qualities of the Highlanders who worked for him under such hard conditions is worth tons of the rubbish written against them by those who know nothing of their qualities by experience, and who are almost in all cases governed by old race prejudices. We are very glad indeed to give the following extracts a permanent place, based, as they are, on the personal experience of one so well qualified to state the facts, and who is honest enough to do so in an impartial spirit. After describing the journey to Glencannich, Mr Smith proceeds :—

"On the following day the first contingent of workmen was to have arrived, along with supplies of food, tools, tents, and other necessaries. The contractor and his staff set out for Lub-na-damph, a shooting lodge six miles down the glen, in order to convoy the new arrivals to their destination. Although expected at an early hour, the men and horses did not come in sight along the mountain track which leads from Cannich till the afternoon, and a more sorry-looking cavalcade never was seen on the road to Siberia. Here were all kinds and conditions of workmen, from the skilled stonemason to the Irish navvy, for times were hard ; but one look was enough to show that some of them—these half-clad, tea-fed town birds—were not the men for such a job as this. . . . It was clear that a rebellious spirit was abroad, for during the night the store tent had been broken into, and all sorts of provisions stolen ; mutterings could be heard from many of the malcontents, and it was more than ever manifest that this scum of the town, some of them jail-birds, were quite unfit for what they had undertaken to do. After breakfast over twenty of them came in and demanded their pay to be doubled, which the contractor, with the insight already gained, at once refused, and thus got rid of them ; for, after making a demonstration, during which Joe, the cook, had to defend his store-tent with a six-shooter, they left in a body. This voluntary process of weeding out was fortunate and opportune, for shortly afterwards

THE HARDY WEST COAST MEN

began to make their appearance, and very soon a contingent of over one hundred were gathered together. These West Coast men seem to belong to a different race from the inhabitants of the towns on the east of Scotland. They are always well clad

and well shod ; they care little for fatigue, and can work under rain as well as in sunshine. Although most of them live on potatoes and herring, or oatmeal brose, when at home, they are fastidious in matters concerning their food when away from home. To provide for them all was no easy matter. For their shelter a regular camp, with full equipment of tents, beds, bedding, fuel, food, and complete arrangements for field cooking, was systematically organised at the outset. Besides this, a commissariat department, with head-quarters at Inverness, had to be established and maintained ; and a regular service of carriers and pack horses traversed the route to carry food for man and beast, and this became more and more difficult as the work progressed, and the camp was shifted further and further away.

THE HIGHLANDERS AT BREAKFAST.

Oatmeal porridge and treacle was the first course, and each man, carrying his tin pannikin and spoon, made his way to where the cook and his assistants were already surrounded by a score of his comrades, many of them but half-dressed, and each elbowing his way to be next in turn. A plentiful supply of coffee and bread was next served out, and by the time this was over the men were ready for the morning's work, which lasted from 6 A.M. till mid-day. Many amusing scenes were witnessed over the breakfasting of these hungry denizens of the wilds, the pure mountain air imparting an additional keenness to their appetites. Joe, the cook, who was an Englishman, and understood not a word of Gaelic, had many an altercation with the men, most of whom knew little English, and none of whom could comprehend Joe's particular *patois*. Joe was an old artillery-man who had seen some campaigning service, and rather prided himself on his knowledge of cooking; but the simple fare, the staple food of the Highlander, defied his powers at first, and it was not until a big countryman threatened to boil him in one of his own pots that it dawned upon poor Joe that the water should be boiled, and not merely warmed, before the meal was mixed with it. This fact once grasped, however, things got on more smoothly.

THE COMMISSARIAT.

Soon the camp was increased by the addition of thirty horses and their drivers, who were busy carrying the iron and wire, and other material, along the line of fence. The provisions required for such a number of men and horses, so exposed, represented no inconsiderable supply of food and labour in bringing it there. Something like 11 tons of meal, 12 of bread, 70 cwt. of mutton and tinned meats, 500 lb. of coffee, and 30 cwt. of sugar, besides casks of treacle, and all the hundred and one little commodities required by such a community. Corn for the horses, and coal for the cook and blacksmith, were heavy items, and the expense of conveyance, which increased as the work advanced, was considerable, even at the first encampment.

THE HIGHLAND PONIES.

The first half-mile of the journey led across a couple of turbulent streams, and over some disagreeable bog ground, through which the ponies found their way in a wonderful manner. It is strange the instinct which guides those Highland ponies in places like this ; they seem to know from the very smell — "they scent danger from afar" — whether it is safe for them to proceed or not ; and even by night these sagacious creatures will find their way safely about in bewildering and dangerous places. One of the horses on this work (a south-bred animal), however, was a constant nuisance, as he seemed not to understand the thing at all. He would boldly enter where others "feared to tread," and, like the fly in the honey-pot, would generally stick fast. This horse was called the "Waster," and it was no uncommon occurrence to see a squad of men taken off their work to lift the brute out of some bog he had stupidly entered, and in which he would simply lie down, load and all, when he felt himself

sinking. The true Highland pony, on the other hand, when he feels the surface break beneath his hoofs, will spring forward ere it is too late, and so keep his legs from being overpowered. Many an encomium was passed on these sturdy little animals, who were indeed a constant source of admiration for their pluck and endurance. They would climb the most rocky passes, and walk quite unconcerned at the most perilous heights, sure-footed and brave, where the "Waster" would tremble like an aspen leaf.

Soon the work proceeded so far that the camp had to be moved higher up to the mountain top, where the men experienced a terrific

HIGHLAND THUNDERSTORM.

The site for the new camp had been chosen a day or two before, and now no time was lost in occupying it. As the day wore on the heat became oppressive, even at this altitude, and the air seemed to be surcharged with a strange vapour, which made work or activity intolerable. Ere sunset, faint murmurs of distant thunder made it evident that an exceptional storm was brewing, and scarcely had the men turned in for the night when, sure enough, it broke over the camp in stern reality. With covered head each attempted, but in vain, to shut out from his terrified vision the vivid flashes of lightning which seemed to play round the tent poles, while peal after peal of thunder, increasing with awful suddenness, and echoing still louder and louder amidst the giant mountain tops, struck terror in the hearts of the most fearless there. The rain fell with alarming force on the canvas, and rapidly flooded the tents; but closely wrapped in and protected from above and below by the waterproof sheet supplied to them, the men lay motionless, though cowering with fear. At intervals they could hear the sound of a hundred newborn torrents rushing madly down the mountain crevices, sweeping all before them in their headlong course. In the midst of all this, each had his own thoughts; old Hamish fled in fear to his tent, leaving the camp fire to the ponies, who formed a terrified group around the temporary erection which sheltered its smothering embers.

Another flitting of the camp, and the highest peak of Scur-nan-Cearinan was reached, and here, about an altitude of 3500 feet, the men were allowed to select such sites as they thought best, as suitable camping area for all together was unobtainable; but, as a set-off, it was determined that the stay here would be as short as possible. With this intention the camp was removed; yet, although man proposes, God disposes. During the previous four weeks there had been as many miles of fencing erected, and twice was the camp shifted. For the next four weeks not a mile of fence was built, and at the end of that time not as much had been done as would have of itself justified the removal of the camp; but this course had to be taken, as living at this altitude, even in the middle of summer, was unbearable when the weather was bad. Tremendous storms broke over the camp, by day and night, from the middle of June till the middle of July. The weather in this cloudy region, during these four weeks of misery, was varied occasionally with slight blinks of the sun, but more frequently with thick mist, rain, wind, and snow. To keep men together under such circumstances required considerable tact and liberal treatment; but, with occasional treats of the real "mountain dew," which these Highlanders love so fondly, work was continued under the most trying circumstances. With every stitch of clothing wet, and no facilities for drying them, it is simply a wonder that the men could have been prevailed on to brave it out. What a contrast to the first batch of men who arrived! There is still the same stern determination about these West Coast men which has shown itself on many a battlefield, and has earned their country's thanks.

However, flesh and blood could stand it no longer on these stormy peaks. By night many tents were blown down about the sleeping men, who, springing from their warm beds, clutched wildly for some article of clothing, but ultimately gathered round their fallen abode with nought but a shirt to shelter their limbs from rain and wind; and as each shouted louder than his fellow, cursing their misfortunes, their cries were echoed by exasperating neighbours, the snug inmates of still standing tents, who generally showed their sympathy and commiseration for the naked and houseless by joining in one continued howl of laughter.

With other two shifts of the camp the contract was completed; and so ended the carrying out of a piece of work which presented no inconsiderable difficulties in its execution, and was unique in its way, as being the most extraordinary in the history of wire-fencing; for this fence has been here erected in the most exposed position, and at the greatest altitude, that a fence has been hitherto known to occupy.

JOHN MACKAY, C.E., HEREFORD.

IN the *Crofter* for April, a striking portrait of this well-known Highlander is given, along with a biographical sketch. Most Highlanders would like to have got a more detailed account of the life of one to whom we are all so much indebted for his noble example, exhibiting many of the virtues, and following the best characteristics of the race from which, it must be admitted, many of us have greatly degenerated. The writer of the sketch says—

It has often been remarked that Mr John Mackay can't make a speech or write an essay without making some reference to the martial deeds of the Highland regiments in general, and the Ninety-Third in particular. His father, a Black Watch soldier, was so full of anxiety to serve his king and country that he enlisted three times before he passed the standard height, and though he only succeeded the third time by placing some moss between his stockings and his heels, he grew until he became the right hand man of his company. John inherited the military spirit of his father. When the Highland straths and glens were peopled, the recruiting officer had no difficulty in enlisting men, for the ambition of most Highland youths was to serve their country. The County of Sutherland was no exception to other districts. In 1760 it sent forth 1100 of its best men to fight the country's battles; in 1777, 1100; and in 1794, 1800. In 1800 the famous 93rd was raised in a few days by the Countess of Sutherland, and four years later a second battalion.

On the return of the British army of occupation from France, its strength was reduced, and Mr Mackay's father, after having

served eight years, received his discharge in 1818, and settled down in his native parish of Rogart. It was in the early part of this century, while so many Sutherland men were under arms upholding British honour, that the Sutherland Clearances took place—clearances dishonourable to the house of Sutherland, and discreditable to the nation. Hundreds of soldiers who had served in Spain, France, and Flanders found on their return to Sutherland that their families had been evicted, their homes unroofed or given to the flames, and that the lands which they and their forefathers held for generations had been let to strangers for sheep farms. In the parish of Rogart hundreds of families had been evicted, and their homes and homesteads destroyed. Mr Mackay's father was shocked at the result of the revolution which had taken place in his absence. His sense of what was due to a population who had loyally served their chief and country was so deeply wounded that he vowed "if he had twenty sons, that none, with his approval, would serve a country whose laws permitted the Highland chiefs to perpetrate such gross outrages as had occurred during the clearance period."

It is computed that in about nine years 15,000 people were evicted in Sutherland, and driven across the sea, or compelled to eke out a miserable existence on land unfit for grazing sheep. It was fortunate for Mr Mackay's father that his parents escaped eviction through their croft not forming part of the property of the house of Sutherland. Being the only son, he [John's father] settled down at home, and succeeded to the croft on his father's death. As a matter of course he took unto himself a wife, and the subject of our sketch, born in 1823, is the third of eleven children. Schools in those days were not so numerous as now, but the standard of school work was high. The parish schoolmaster, with few exceptions, was able to teach Latin, Greek, and mathematics, in addition to the ordinary branches of education. Young John Mackay, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was a diligent student, and was reputed the best Latin and Greek scholar in the school. Like most crofters' sons, he did his share of the work of the croft, and at twenty years of age he left home and entered the employment of the late Mr Thomas Brassey, the eminent railway contractor, where he gradually rose by his energy and unwearied attention to duty from the lowest to the highest grade in the service. In Sir Arthur Help's "Life and Labours of Thomas Brassey," John Mackay's name is frequently mentioned. During the last ten years of Mr Brassey's life Mr Mackay superintended the construction of railway and other works, the value of which amounted to £1,750,000, and in the same period made out tenders and estimates for Mr Brassey amounting to £4,500,000, which others carried out. On Mr

Brassey's retirement Mr Mackay commenced business on his own account, and as a railway contractor the reputation acquired in Mr Brassey's service has been fully sustained. A Highlander by birth, lineage, and rearing, Mr Mackay takes a pride in the military history of his kith and kin. Long before it was fashionable to do so, he denounced the system which cleared the glens and pauperised the people, and advocated justice and redress for the remnant of the Highland people. Unlike many who have risen from the ranks, he never forgot that he was a crofter's son and one of the people, knowing the prose and poetry of the Highland croft. He has identified himself with the crofters' cause, not from sentiment or as a theorist, but from a sense of duty, and as a practical man fully acquainted with crofters' grievances and the reforms that are necessary. In all efforts to preserve the Highland people and promote their welfare, from instituting the Celtic Chair to promoting the Highland Land Law Reform Association, Mr John Mackay has done his part with a singleness of aim and honesty of purpose that has earned for him the esteem of Highlanders at home and abroad, and the gratitude of the oppressed crofters.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

MOR, NIGHEAN A' GHIOBARLAIN.

WE recently came into possession of a small collection of Gaelic songs which contains the following version of the song, "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain." We understand this little volume is very scarce. Though published in 1829, it seems to have escaped the notice of Mr Reid, the vigilant compiler of the "Bibliotheca Scoto-Celtica." The following is the title-page— "Dain agus Orain Ghæ'lach, le Ailein Mac an t-Saoir, Sealgair, Shionnach ann an Ceann-tire. Glaschu : Clo-bhuailte air son an Ughdair, le A. Young, 1829." It is believed the collection was known in the author's native county, Argyleshire, as "Orain Ailein nan Sionnach." Only a portion of the songs are Ailein's own compositions. In the introduction, he says, "Although the author is an untutored, illiterate son of the muses, yet he can honestly assure the subscribers to this volume that the poems bearing his name are his own composition." The following does

not bear his name, and we surmise it is not the original song of "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain;" indeed, we have an opinion that the incense offered at the shrine of the real Mor was not sufficiently pure to admit of its being given to the world, and that the version given by Ailein nan Sionnach is but an attempt to preserve a justly popular air by attaching it to words which would not offend "gentle ears polite." In this respect the attempt is so far successful, but after all we cannot discover much merit in the song. The melody seems also to have recommended itself to the ear of Tannahill, who has further extended its fame by adopting it as the musical environment of one of his neatest lyrics, "Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi' my faither, O." Evan MacColl, the Lochfyne bard, in "Rosan an Leth-bhaile," as well as several others of our Gaelic bards, have been moved to song by the music of "Mor, Nighean a' Ghiobarlain." We are confirmed in our opinion that the following is not the original song, by the introduction of the refrain between every two lines of the real composition, in complete disregard of its incongruity. No poet apostrophising the real Mor would have dragged her in so awkwardly and inappropriately at every second line. Burns managed a similar composition differently, and to better purpose, in "Duncan Gray." We shall be glad to hear from any of our correspondents as to whether our surmises are correct, as also regarding the history of Ailein nan Sionnach and his songs.

Easan.—O' cuim' nach biodh tu boidheach,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
 Le d' bhucail ann ad bhrogan,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 Leine chaol d' an olaинд,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 Ad a's bile òir rith',
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ?

Ise.—'S duilich dhomh bhi boidheach,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 Is tric an tigh an oil thu,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'Cur d' airgid anns na stopan,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'S am fear a thig ga ol leat,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Esan.—Na 'm biodh tu leis an déideadh,
 Mo Mhor nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Cho olc 's tha thu 'g eigheach.
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Cha bhiodh tu riimsa 'beulais,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
 Air chinnte dh' ol mi d' eiric,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Na 'n cluinneadh mo chairdean,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 A' chainnta tha thu 'a ràdhainn,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Gum beireadh iad air spraig ort,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'S gun sgeilpeadh iad do mhàsan.
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Esan.—Chan 'eil e air an t-saoghal,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 De d' chinne no de d' dhaoine,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Na 'n bithinns' air an daorach,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 A bheireadh mis' o m' ghaolein,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Labhair i le faobhar,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'S a guth an deaghaidh caochladh,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Guileag aic' air caoineadh,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
 "Theid mis' air feadh an t-saoghal,"
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Esan.—A bheil ach fealadha ann,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain?
 Fuirich mar a tha thu,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 Bheir mise mo lamh dhuit,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Nach ol mi deur gu brath dheth,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Ise.—Is tric thu toirt nam boidean,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 Cha toir thu air a' chòir iad,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;

Cumaidh tu fo d' shroin e,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'S air deireadh na cluich', òlaidh,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Na toir boid an traths' ris,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Ma bhios againn paisdean,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Abair mar a b' abhaist,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain—
 "Sud e air ur slainte,"
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

Sin agaibh mar dh' eirich,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 Do 'n te air 'n robh 'n deideadh,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain ;
 'S their gach te tha 'm eisdeachd
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain,
 'S math leam nach mi fhein i,
 Mo Mhor, nighean a' Ghiobarlain.

A MINISTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL ENFORCING THE ARGUMENT.—Mr Cook, who was the minister of the North Church before the Disruption, was a man of genuine piety and devoted zeal, and admirably suited to his congregation, but his sayings in the pulpit were often extraordinary. On one occasion he is reported to have said, "I wouldn't be a king, I wouldn't be a queen; no, no, my friends, I would rather be a wo-rum, I would rather be a paddock, for it's easier for a cow to climb a tree with her tail and hindlegs foremost, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." Another time he said, "Many of you are thinking that you'll get into heaven hanging to the skirts of my coat, but I'll disappoint you and wear a spencer."—*Inverness before Railways [in the press]*.

AN INVERNESS TEMPLAR OF FORTY YEARS AGO.—The same genial and hospitable gentleman, who was the hero of the episode of the umbrella [and which the author had just related], had been for so many years without drinking cold water that he had quite forgotten the taste of it. On one occasion he did not feel well, and intended taking a dose of medicine in the morning, so his wife placed it, along with a tumbler of water (to take away the taste), at the side of his bed, to be in readiness for the morning. When the lady got up she perceived that her husband had not taken his medicine, and challenged him about it, when he exclaimed, "Not taken my medicine! To be sure I have, every drop of it!" and pointed triumphantly to the empty tumbler, which he had drained, in the belief that he had performed a most praiseworthy action by swallowing a large quantity of medicine!—*Inverness before Railways*.

THE CROFTERS' HOLDINGS (SCOTLAND) BILL.

ON Tuesday, the 19th of May, between 1 and 2.30 A.M., we had the pleasure of listening in the Speaker's Gallery of the House of Commons to the Lord Advocate's speech introducing the Crofters' Holdings Bill; and the reader can easily understand with what feelings one who has for years been so active in educating public opinion, and in forcing the necessity of reform in this connection on the Government, must have listened in such circumstances. It will at once be admitted that the Bill is a remarkable acknowledgment of the justice of the claims of the Highland people, and a complete justification of all that has been urged by ourselves and other advocates of reform in their behalf; and particularly so, when it is remembered how, only two or three years ago, the Lord Advocate, speaking for the Government, cavalierly declared in the House of Commons that the Crofters had no grievances to speak of, and that there was not the slightest necessity for the inquiry by Royal Commission then demanded by their friends, and since granted, with the result of opening the eyes of the Lord Advocate, the Government, and the public at large, to their position, and the introduction of this Bill, containing principles and concessions of considerable immediate advantage and far-reaching results in the future agricultural conditions, not only of the Highlands but of the whole United Kingdom.

The Bill makes provision for complete Security of Tenure, Fair Rents to be ascertained by independent Government Valuators, and Compensation for all Improvements made by the present tenants or their predecessors in their holdings, being of the same family, within the last thirty years. These are valuable concessions, though they by no means go far enough. They will, however, provide the leverage power by which other necessary reforms can be secured. The right of "Free Sale" we have never considered of such consequence to the smaller tenants as some others have done; but the compulsory provision of more land for the people must be pushed and ultimately secured, though Government refuses it in this Bill. When, however, the

Crofters shall have secured security of tenure, they will find themselves in a much better position to agitate successfully for enactments that will enable them to get re-installed on the best portions of the land from which they or their forefathers had been so harshly evicted in the past to make room for sheep or deer. It is now, however, proposed to give them rights, which, had they been given them early in the present century—before the country was laid waste—would have secured a prosperous and thriving people in the Highlands. When this Bill becomes law, inadequate even as it is, any more Highland Clearances will have become impossible; the natural independence of the Highland spirit will re-assert itself, and the slavish cringing of the present will soon disappear. There will be no more rack-renting, no further appropriation of the tenants' property by the landlords, when the rent shall be fixed and compensation for improvements provided for and ascertained by Government valuers. An incentive hitherto undreamt of in the Highlands will be given to industry, and the face of the country shall become transformed by the energies of a people secure in the results of their labour. Had this been secured to the tenant by the simpler process of the Free Sale of his improvements, it might have been preferable, but seeing that the principle is conceded, there need be no fear but the best manner of giving effect to it will be secured at no distant date, now that the people have received electoral privileges, and when they shall have obtained the confidence and independence which security of tenure in their holdings will give them. Indeed, we are not at all sure, but it may be far better for the present tenant to get compensation from the landlord, who is sure to pay, for his improvements, under the Act, than to be allowed the free sale of them to a brother-crofter, who, in many cases, may never be able to pay for them; and, if we may judge from the past, such improvements are not likely to be valued to the landlord at a lower figure than they would realise, if offered for free sale among the tenants themselves. It would be different were the principle of the Bill applied to the larger holdings; but in the case of the Crofters free sale might really be of no practical advantage.

In our "Analysis of the Crofter Royal Commission Report," we pointed out how utterly inadequate and unjust the Commissioners' proposals of improving leases were to the great mass of

the people, and we congratulate the Government on having disregarded the recommendations of the Commission on that point, but we regret that they have not adopted the principle of compulsion involved in the Township proposals of their Report, without at all necessarily following its details; and we have no hesitation in saying that some plan of that kind, or some other which will secure more land to the people on equitable terms, must be adopted before the Highlanders can or ought to be satisfied. When this is done, and the country is all taken up, and occupied on the conditions laid down in the Government Bill, it will then be time enough to make provision for assisting those to emigrate for whom no more land can be found in their own country.

On a previous occasion, referring to the improving lease recommended by the Royal Commission, we declared that had the Commissioners carried their proposals "sufficiently far to provide complete security of tenure, they would not have disturbed the equanimity of the landlords any more than they have done with the more limited but practically inoperative proposals made; and they would have satisfied all reasonable claims, and secured general peace and contentment among the people. We have always held that, given security of tenure, everything else required would naturally follow; without it, any other proposals will be found of little practical use, except in so far as the admission of the principle involved in them will help the people at no distant date to secure the thing itself;" and we further maintained that the "limitation of the improving lease to the absurdly high figure of a £6 rental would confine its application within such narrow limits, even if the other impossible conditions were removed, as to make the leases practically of little use, satisfying but a very small share of the fair claims of an extremely small section of the people"—about one-twelfth of the small tenants.

The Government are to be congratulated on having in their Bill adopted this view, and for ignoring the recommendation of the Commissioners, which they tell us, in their Report, was only a "compromise between the opinions of those in the Commission who favoured a higher, and those who favoured a lower figure"—an absurdly unjust compromise, which the Government very properly disregarded.

A proprietor proposing to enlarge any of his Crofter holdings may apply to the Public Works Loan Commissioners, who may advance to the landlord, making such application, on the security of the estate, a sum which will enable the Crofter to stock the additional land given him, the sum to be advanced not to exceed five years' rent, not of the addition to be made, but of "the entire holding of the Crofter including such addition." No doubt good, far-seeing proprietors will take advantage of this, and benefit their tenants and themselves by so doing; but there is surely no hardship in compelling bad landlords to do what the good are willing to do of their own free will; and the people should never cease to agitate and press their claims until this is compulsorily secured to them. Care must be taken that the landlords shall not be able to charge more than the Government rate of interest.

There are various objections to some of the sub-sections and to what are called the "statutory conditions," non-compliance with which is to determine the tenancy, but these cannot now be dealt with at length.

In section four provision is made for an arrangement between landlord and tenant as to the rent payable for any period agreed upon; but, curiously enough, at the expiration of that period, in the absence of a new agreement, the rent payable before the agreement was made is to revive. The reasonable provision would be that the new rent should continue until another arrangement was arrived at. It appears by section seven, sub-section *b*, that if *any* assistance or consideration was received from the proprietor in the past, the improvements, partly or mainly, executed by the tenant are to be wholly confiscated to the landlord. The tenant should surely get the value of these, less only the amount of the assistance or consideration received by him. The same objection holds good against similar provisions regarding what has been executed by the tenants in virtue of "understandings" and estate regulations, of which the people generally know nothing.

The provisions as to Cottars, will be found of no real value; for their houses, in case of removal, are only to be valued and their value secured to their owners, provided any permanent improvements made "are suitable to the holding" of the Crofter. Cottars' houses are not only not suitable to the holdings on which they are, as a rule, built, but will be found an incumbrance

upon them, to be removed as soon as possible, and, therefore, representing no value to the incoming tenant. Cottars who were placed in their present position by circumstances over which they had no control—by eviction and other harsh proceedings under the vicious laws now to be reformed—must secure better consideration than this Bill proposes or rather pretends to give them, or they will very properly come to the conclusion that they are better off as they are than they can possibly be under the provisions of an Act which assumes the right of the landlord to remove them—and that without any real compensation—whenever its clauses come to be applied to their case. Take, for instance, the Parish of Bracadale, in the Isle of Skye, described in the Report of the Royal Commission, and in which in a population of 929 souls, there is only one solitary tenant (paying £3. 10s. a-year) to whom any of the clauses of the Bill can apply ; and this is true to a certain degree, as far as the Cottars are concerned, of the whole Highlands.

It is a great pity that the Government did not see their way to go further, and introduce a measure which would settle the question, at least for a generation. Instead of the present Bill doing so, it will open it up more than ever. If passed into law, however, it will place the Crofters in a better position to agitate for a complete measure, without any fear of being evicted for asserting their claims more effectually than ever. This is, indeed, the strongest recommendation in favour of the present Bill ; and, though it is far from satisfactory, we consider it best that the people should aid in getting it improved and passed into law, so as, when that is done, to make it the lever for procuring their full rights, by getting the lands from which their forefathers or themselves were evicted, restored to themselves and their descendants.

We give below the principal reforms which had been urged by the present writer before the Royal Commission at Inverness. They are copied *verbatim* from the Government Blue-Book, those of them printed in *italics* being those which have been adopted in the Government measure. The others have at present been withheld. How long they can be so withheld, is a matter for the people themselves, which they will not be slow in deciding, after the lessons they have already learned from

the recent agitation in the Highlands ; and we are much mistaken if it be not found very soon that it would have been much the wiser course for the Government to have gone a little further now, and settle the question for the present generation. We are decidedly of opinion that the landlords will have much greater cause for regretting any delay in passing the present or a better Bill into law than the tenants. Indeed, many of the people's friends would much rather see the question left to a new House of Commons.

The following are the principal remedies proposed by the writer at the conclusion of his statement before the Royal Commission, those adopted by the Government being in *italics* :—

1st, To break down the present deer forests and great farms, compulsorily if need be, and divide them among the people in small holdings, ranging from a few acres to moderately-sized farms, so that the man at the bottom may fairly hope, by industry and economy, to climb further up the ladder of success. Under the present conditions there is nothing for a man to hope for between a small croft and a farm that will take several thousands of pounds to stock. The system could not have been more admirably planned had it been intended to drive the people to despair, with the view of their being finally forced by sheer necessity to leave their native land.

2nd, *I would have the present value of the land ascertained by independent Government valuers, and give it to the people at that valuation on a permanent tenure, and on such conditions that they or their representatives could never be removed so long as they paid their rents. In the event of their being unable to pay their rents, and having in consequence to give up their holdings ; or in the event of their leaving of their own will, I would have the value of the land ascertained, and on the landlord refusing to pay the difference,* capitalised between its original and improved values, I would allow the tenant to dispose of his holding to the highest offerer. Thus the results of the tenants' improvements as a class would be secured to themselves, instead of, as hitherto, periodically appropriated by the landlords.*

3rd, *I would accept no leases, on any conditions ; for a lease only means that the landlord will get the tenant's improvements—the results of his expenditure of labour, brain, and money—for nothing, a little later on.*

4th, Government should also form a scheme of peasant proprietary, by buying up estates coming into the market, and granting them in small holdings of various sizes to those who could pay a portion of the price down, the Government leaving the balance as a loan on the land at a moderate rate of interest, sufficient to pay up capital and interest in forty or fifty years.

5th, Landlords in legal possession of their estates, in the event of their being required by the State for a scheme of peasant proprietary, should get full compensation for the present agricultural value of their land, wherever any part of it may be acquired for the public by the nation. Thus, the legal rights of those in possession

* By the Government Bill the landlord will be *obliged* to pay the value of the tenant's improvements.

may, to some extent, be brought into harmony with the moral and higher rights of the Crown and the people.

From this it will be seen that the Bill comes far short of what we consider to be the requirements of the case, though all will admit that it is a great step in advance, and that it may be improved into a fairly good measure as far as it goes. It must, however, make provision for the protection of the thousands who are now landed in hopeless arrears, in consequence of the periodical increase of rent on their own improvements, or by other means over which they had no control. To have these unfortunate people excluded from the benefits of the Bill would be grossly unjust. Another cause of increased rents, and consequent inability to pay, is the fact that in many places the sum charged by the landlord for Government money, for drainage, and other improvements to pay off capital and interest in twenty-two years, and which has been fully exacted from the tenants years ago, has been continued as a permanent increase to the rents previously charged, amounting in some cases to more than the original charge. No doubt the valuators under the Act will take this addition into consideration, and hold the improvements made by the tenants with this money, who have since paid capital and interest, and much more, before they fix the Fair Rent of the future; for though the money was advanced originally more than thirty years ago—the period to which compensation under the Act is to be limited—it has within that period been applied to its present purpose of a permanent addition to the rent. Care must be taken that justice is done regarding these and other important points; and it will be well to keep in mind the recommendations of the Royal Commission respecting game, the cutting of peat, seaware, and thatch, as well as in reference to various other matters which at present prove sources of irritation, and produce misunderstandings and mischief between landlord and tenant.

A. M.

THE PUBLISHING OFFICE OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE" will be removed next month to the NEW OFFICES, in course of erection, at 47 HIGH STREET, for the *Scottish Highlander* Newspaper, to be issued early in July.

CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTES OF THE
HIGHLANDERS.

I.

NOTHING can be more agreeable to the average Highlander than to recall and muse over the best characteristics of the race to which he belongs. Taking these all in all, no Highlander need fear the result of a comparison of the history and character of his ancestors with those of any other nation in the world. The following are a few anecdotes illustrative of several pleasing characteristics of the race, extracted from General Stewart of Garth's famous "Sketches of the Character, Institutions, and Customs of the Highlanders of Scotland," just published by Messrs A. & W. Mackenzie, publishers of the *Celtic Magazine* :—

JACOBITISM.—Attachment to the Stuart dynasty was always a prevailing characteristic of the Highlanders, and the following is a pleasing instance of it :—

" In the reign of King William, immediately after the Revolution, Lord Tullibardine, eldest son of the Marquis of Athol, collected a numerous body of Athole Highlanders, together with three hundred Frasers, under the command of Hugh Lord Lovat, who had married a daughter of the Marquis. These men believed that they were destined to support the abdicated king, but were, in reality, assembled to serve the Government of William. When in front of Blair Castle, their real destination was disclosed to them by Lord Tullibardine. Instantly they rushed from their ranks, ran to the adjoining stream of Banovy, and, filling their bonnets with water, drank to the health of King James ; and then, with colours flying, and pipes playing, ' fifteen hundred of the men of Athole, as reputable for arms as any in the kingdom,' put themselves under the command of the Laird of Ballechin, and marched off to join Lord Dundee, whose chivalrous bravery, and heroic and daring exploits, had excited their admiration more than those of any other warrior since the days of Montrose."

For many years after the suppression of the Rising of 1745, the memory of " Bonnie Prince Charlie " was fondly cherished by those who had lost their relatives, their friends, their lands, their all, in his cause :—

"When the late Mr Stewart, of Ballachulish, returned home, after having completed a course of general and classical education at Glasgow and Edinburgh, he was a promising young man. A friend of the family happening to visit his father, who had '*been out*' in 1715 and 1745, congratulated the old gentleman on the appearance and accomplishments of his son. To this he answered, that the youth was all he could wish for as a son; and 'next to the happiness of seeing Charles restored to the throne of his fore-fathers, is the promise my son affords of being an honour to his family.'

"A song or ballad of that period, set to a melancholy and beautiful air, was exceedingly popular among the Highlanders, and sung by all classes. It is in Gaelic, and cannot be translated without injury to the spirit and effect of the composition. One verse, alluding to the conduct of the troops after the suppression of the rebellion, proceeds thus:—'They ravaged and burnt my country; they murdered my father, and carried off my brothers; they ruined my kindred, and broke the heart of my mother; but all, all could I bear without a murmur, if I saw my king restored to his own.'"

SELF-DEVOTION.—There are many stories told of noble self-sacrifice for one another; but the following incident, which occurred at the battle of Killiecrankie, will bear the palm:—

"In this battle Lochiel was attended by the son of his foster-brother. This faithful adherent followed him like his shadow, ready to assist him with his sword, or cover him from the shot of the enemy. Soon after the battle began, the chief missed his friend from his side, and, turning round to look what had become of him, saw him lying on his back, with his breast pierced by an arrow. He had hardly breath before he expired to tell Lochiel, that seeing an enemy, a Highlander in General Mackay's army, aiming at him with a bow and arrow from the rear, he sprung behind him, and thus sheltered him from instant death. This is a species of duty perhaps not often practised by aides-de-camp."

Another touching instance of self-devotion occurred during the proceedings which followed the battle of Culloden, when a young man named Mackenzie, who bore a strong likeness to the hunted prince, shouted, through his gurgling blood, "Villains, you have killed your Prince!" and by thus deceiving his slayers, gained the real Prince a short respite from pursuit. General Stewart narrates the incident in the following terms:—

"The similarity of personal appearance was said to be quite remarkable. The young gentleman was sensible of this, and at

different times endeavoured to divert the attention of the troops in pursuit of the fugitive prince to an opposite quarter of the mountains to that in which he knew Charles Edward was concealed after the battle of Culloden. This he effected by showing his person in such a way as that he could be seen, and then escaping by the passes or woods, through which he could not be quickly followed. On one occasion he unexpectedly met with a party of troops, and immediately retired, intimating by his manner as he fled, that he was the object of their search ; but his usual good fortune forsook him. The soldiers pursued with eagerness, anxious to secure the promised reward of £30,000. Mackenzie was overtaken and shot, exclaiming as he fell, in the words noticed above ; and it was not till the head was produced at the next garrison, for the purpose of claiming the reward, that the mistake was discovered."

The following is a touching instance of fraternal love and disinterested affection, which occurred shortly after 1715 :—

" Two brothers of Culdares were taken prisoners at the same time, and sent to Carlisle Castle. After a confinement of some months they were released, in consideration of their youth and inexperience ; and immediately set off to London to visit their brother, then under sentence of death. Being handsome young men, with fresh complexions, they disguised themselves in women's clothes, and pretending to be Mr Menzies' sisters, were admitted to visit him in prison. They then proposed that one of them should exchange clothes with their brother, and that he should escape in this disguise. But this he peremptorily refused, on the ground that, after the lenity shown them, it would be most ungrateful to engage in such an affair ; which, besides, might be productive of unpleasant consequences to the young man who proposed to remain in prison, particularly as he was so lately under a charge of treason and rebellion. They were obliged to take, what they believed to be, their last farewell of their brother, whose firmness of mind, and sense of honour, the immediate prospect of death could not shake. However, he soon met with his reward ; he received an unconditional pardon, returned to Scotland along with his brothers, and lived sixty years afterwards in his native glen—an honourable specimen of an old Highland Patriarch, beloved by his own people, and respected by all within the range of his acquaintance. He died in 1776."

LOCAL ATTACHMENT.—Perhaps the strongest feeling of the Highlander is love of country. Any one who has seen a party of Highland emigrants leaving their homes for other countries, cannot fail to have been struck with the anguish displayed in

tearing themselves away from the well-known and long-remembered scenes of their childhood. So strong is this feeling that it is often brought out by a mere removal from one district to another, and General Stewart relates the following instance of it which came under his personal observation :—

"A tenant of my father's, at the foot of Shichallain, removed, a good many years ago, and followed his son to a farm which he had taken at some distance lower down the country. One morning the old man disappeared for a considerable time, and being asked on his return where he had been, he replied, 'As I was sitting by the side of the river, a thought came across me, that, perhaps, some of the waters from Shichallain, and the sweet fountains that watered the farm of my forefathers, might now be passing by me, and that if I bathed they might touch my skin. I immediately stripped, and, from the pleasure I felt in being surrounded by the pure waters of Leidnabreilag (the name of the farm), I could not tear away myself sooner.'"

The following is a still more striking instance of this feeling, which in this case resulted fatally :—

"I shall state two cases of men who seem to have died of what is commonly called a broken heart, originating in grief for the loss of their native homes. I knew them intimately. They were respectable and judicious men, and occupied the farms on which they were born till far advanced in life, when they were removed. They afterwards got farms at no great distance, but were afflicted with a deep despondency, gave up their usual habits, and seldom spoke with any seeming satisfaction, except when the subject turned on their former life, and the spot which they had left. They appeared to be much relieved by walking to the tops of the neighbouring hills, and gazing for hours in the direction of their late homes ; but in a few months their strength totally failed, and without any pain or complaint, except mental depression, one died in a year, and the other in eighteen months. I have mentioned these men together, as there was such a perfect similarity in their cases ; but they were not acquainted with each other, nor of the same district. When they suffered so much by removing from their ancient homes only to another district, how much more severe must their feelings have been had they been forced to emigrate, unless, perhaps, distance and new objects would have diverted their attention from the cause of their grief? But be that as it may, the cause is undoubted."

The Highlanders were most particular about the manner of their burial, and their last moments were sometimes spent in

minute directions as to their own funeral obsequies. The following is a good instance of this anxiety :—

" Alexander Macleod, from the Isle of Skye, was some years ago seized with a fatal illness in Glenorchy, where he died. When he found his end approaching, he earnestly requested that he might be buried in the burying-ground of the principal family of the district, as he was descended from one as ancient, warlike, and honourable ; and stated that he could not die in peace if he thought his family would be dishonoured in his person, by his being buried in a mean and improper manner. Although his request could not be complied with, he was buried in a corner of the churchyard, where his grave is preserved in its original state by Dr Macintyre, the venerable pastor of Glenorchy."

Here again is a striking example of the dislike the Highland people had to the idea of being buried away from their own district :—

" Lately, a woman aged ninety-one, but in perfect health, and in possession of all her faculties, went to Perth from her house in Strathbraan, a few miles above Dunkeld. A few days after her arrival in Perth, where she had gone to visit a daughter, she had a slight attack of fever. One evening a considerable quantity of snow had fallen, and she expressed great anxiety, particularly when told that a heavier fall was expected. Next morning her bed was found empty, and no trace of her could be discovered, till the second day, when she sent word that she had slipt out of the house at midnight, set off on foot through the snow, and never stopped till she reached home, a distance of twenty miles. When questioned some time afterwards why she went away so abruptly, she answered, ' If my sickness had increased, and if I had died, they could not have sent my remains home through the deep snows. If I had told my daughter, perhaps she would have locked the doors upon me, to prevent my going out in the storm, and God forbid that my bones should lie at such a distance from home, and be buried among *Goill-namachair*, the strangers of the plain.' "

FIDELITY.—The following is a touching instance of the fidelity of a servant to his master :—

" James Menzies of Culdares, having engaged in the rebellion of 1715, and been taken at Preston, in Lancashire, was carried to London, where he was tried and condemned, but afterwards reprieved. Grateful for this clemency, he remained at home in 1745, but, retaining a predilection for the old cause, he sent a handsome charger as a present to Prince Charles when advancing through England. The servant who led and delivered the horse

was taken prisoner, and carried to Carlisle, where he was tried and condemned. To extort a discovery of the person who sent the horse, threats of immediate execution in case of refusal, and offers of pardon on his giving information, were held out ineffectually to the faithful messenger. He knew, he said, what the consequence of a disclosure would be to his master, and his own life was nothing in the comparison. When brought out for execution, he was again pressed to inform on his master. He asked if they were serious in supposing him such a villain. If he did what they desired, and forgot his master and his trust, he could not return to his native country, for Glenlyon would be no home or country for him, as he would be despised and hunted out of the Glen. Accordingly, he kept steady to his trust, and was executed. This trusty servant's name was John Macnaughton, from Glenlyon, in Perthshire ; he deserves to be mentioned."

During the terrible times that followed the defeat of the Highland army at Culloden, several instances of noble fidelity on the part of the Highlanders occurred. The following is one of them :—

" In the years 1746 and 1747, some of the gentlemen '*who had been out*' in the rebellion were occasionally concealed in a deep woody dell near my grandfather's house. A poor half-witted creature, brought up about the house, was, along with many others, intrusted with the secret of their concealment, and employed in supplying them with necessaries. It was supposed that when the troops came round on their usual searches, they would not imagine that he could be intrusted with so important a secret, and, consequently, no questions would be asked. One day two ladies, friends of the gentlemen, wished to visit them in their cave, and asked Jamie Forbes to show them the way. Seeing that they came from the house, and judging from their manner that they were friends, he did not object to their request, and walked away before them. When they had proceeded a short way, one of the ladies offered him five shillings. The instant he saw the money, he put his hands behind his back, and seemed to lose all recollection. ' He did not know what they wanted ;—he never saw the gentlemen, and knew nothing of them,' and turning away, walked in a quite contrary direction. When questioned afterwards why he ran away from the ladies, he answered, that when they had offered him such a sum (five shillings were of some value eighty years ago, and would have purchased two sheep in the Highlands), he suspected that they had no good intention, and that their fine clothes and fair words were meant to entrap him into a disclosure of the gentlemen's retreat."

When the state of the country in 1746 is considered, and the

abject poverty of some of the people with whom the ill-fated Prince trusted his life, the fidelity of the Highland people to the Stuart line is brought out in all its noble disinterestedness. The tempting allurements of the immense reward offered by the Government for the Prince's body, dead or alive, met with no response at the hands of the poverty-stricken but noble-minded Highlanders. Here is an instance of the feeling of the people in the matter :—

" Of the many who knew of Prince Charles's places of concealment, was one poor man, who being asked why he did not give information, and enrich himself by the reward of £30,000, answered, ' Of what use would the money be to me? A gentleman might take it, and go to London or Edinburgh, where he would find plenty of people to eat the dinners, and drink the wine which it would purchase; but, as for me, if I were such a villain as to commit a crime like this, I could not remain in my own country, where nobody would speak to me, but to curse me as I passed along the road.' "

THE CLANS—The following extract is interesting as showing the numbers and names of the Highland Chiefs who fought at Bannockburn :—

" Twenty-one Highland Chiefs fought under Robert Bruce at Bannockburn. The number of their direct descendants now in existence, and in possession of their paternal estates, is remarkable. The chiefs at Bannockburn were, Stewart, Macdonald, Mackay, Mackintosh, Macpherson, Cameron, Sinclair, Drummond, Campbell, Menzies, Maclean, Sutherland, Robertson, Grant, Fraser, Macfarlane, Ross, Macgregor, Munro, Mackenzie, and Macquarrie. Cumming, Macdougall of Lorn, Macnab, and a few others, were also present, but unfortunately in opposition to Bruce. In consequence of the distinguished conduct of the chief of the Drummonds in this battle, the King added the calthropes to his armorial bearings, and gave him an extensive grant of lands in Perthshire. It is said to have been by Sir Malcolm Drummond's recommendation that the calthropes, which proved so destructive to the English cavalry, were made use of on that day."

In these days when fixity of tenure is agitating the minds alike of landlords and tenants, we would recommend the former to follow the good example shown by the landlords in this extract :—

"At Inch Ewan, in Breadalbane, a family of the name of

Macnab occupied the same farm, for nearly four centuries, till within these few years, the last occupier resigned. A race of the name of Stewart, in Glenfinglas, in Menteith, has for several centuries possessed the same farms, and, from the character and disposition of the present noble proprietor (the Earl of Moray) it is probable that, without some extraordinary cause, this respectable and prosperous community will not be disturbed. It would be endless to give instances of the great number of years during which the same families possessed their farms, in a succession as regular and unbroken as that of the landlords. The family of Macintyre possessed the farm of Glenoe, in Nether Lorn, from about the year 1300 down till 1810. They were originally foresters of Stewart, Lord Lorn, and were continued in their possession and employments after the succession of the Glenorchy and Breadalbane families to this estate by a marriage with a co-heiress of the last Lord Lorn of the Stewart family in the year 1435."

At the present day, when a sufficient number of clansmen can scarcely be found in some districts to bear the corpse of a Highland chief to its last resting-place, the following figures, showing the number of men which each clan could put in the field about the year 1745, are almost incredible. They appear, however, in a Memorial compiled by Lord President Forbes of Culloden, and brought under the notice of Government at the time :—

Duke of Argyll	3000
Breadalbane	1000
Lochnell and other chieftains of the Campbells	1000
Macleans	500
Maclachlans	200
Stewart of Appin	300
Macdougals	200
Stewart of Grandtully	300
Clan Gregor	700
Duke of Athole	3000
Farquharsons	500
Grant of Gordon	300
Grant of Grant	850
Mackintosh	800
Macphersons	400
Frasers	900
Grant of Glenmoriston	150
Carry forward	14,100
						2 B

	Brought forward	14,100
Chisholms	200
Duke of Perth	300
Seaforth	1000
Cromarty, Scatwell, Gairloch, and other chieftains of the Mackenzies	1500
Menzies	300
Munros	300
Rosses	500
Sutherlands	2000
Mackays	800
Sinclairs	1100
Macdonald of Sleat	700
Macdonald of Clanranald	700
Macdonald of Glengarry	500
Macdonald of Keppoch	300
Macdonald of Glencoe	130
Robertsons	200
Camerons	800
Mackinnons	200
Macleods	700
The Duke of Montrose, Earls of Bute and Moray, Macfarlanes, Colquhouns, Macneils of Barra, Macnabs, Macnaughtans, Lamonts, etc., etc....					5600
					31,930

" In this statement the President has not included his own family of Culloden, and his immediate neighbours Rose of Kilravock, and Campbell of Calder; nor has he noticed Bannatyne of Kaimes, the Macallasters, Macquarries, and many other families and names."

H. R. M.

(To be continued.)

NATIVE VITALITY OF CROFTER YOUTH.—A most interesting and encouraging circumstance, and one indicating a commendable desire among the poorer peasantry of the Highlands, in spite of the most adverse conditions, to give a good education to their children, as well as testifying to the inherent aptitude and capability for achieving proficiency and even eminence in scholarship, is the fact that at recent Government examinations in the Raining School, Inverness, a very large proportion of the young pupils who presented themselves for examination in art and science were the children of Highland crofters. Not a few of such, year after year, so distinguish themselves that they are able to secure bursaries, of which there ought to be more, which enable them to afford very substantial help to their parents in their most laudable desire to give their children the best education within their reach. Given a fair chance to the Highland peasantry, with their due share of the possibilities of living comfortably in their native country, and we have no fear of the application of the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" to our Highland youth.

MACINTYRE'S GAELIC DICTIONARY.

WITH reference to recent inquiries and notes in these pages on the subject of lost and unknown Gaelic dictionaries, we have one or two additional items of information to give which will be of interest to the reader, and which may, perhaps, lead to further discoveries in the same field. It will be remembered that Dr Stratton, in the *Celtic Magazine* for January, makes reference to a dictionary compiled by some person of the name of Macintyre, which is referred to in Dr Charles Mackay's "Gaelic Etymology." We have been subsequently informed, however, by Dr Mackay that "Macintyre" in this case ought to have been "Macalpine."

Reverting to the subject, our friend, Mr John Mackenzie of Auchenstewart, the male representative in Scotland of the Mackenzes of Letterewe, writes:—"About 1836 I was for some days with John Mackenzie of the 'Beauties of Gaelic Poetry' in Glasgow. He introduced me to a John Macintyre who kept a young boys' school in an obscure part of Glasgow. When I was returning to Edinburgh, Macintyre gave me some message to deliver to a printer in the High Street, with whom he was in treaty for the printing of a Gaelic Dictionary. John told me that Macintyre was a natural son of John Macintyre, then tacksman of Letterewe. I think this is likely to be the dictionary referred to."

Some time ago we came into possession of a manuscript bearing on its title-page to be "An Etymological Dictionary of the Names of Places in Scotland; by the late James Macintyre, Schoolmaster, Glasgow, who died February 1835." In another part of the MS., there is a pencil note stating that "James Macintyre was born July 4, 1783."

Surmising that the Macintyre of the MS. might be the person referred to by Mr Mackenzie, Auchenstewart, notwithstanding the difference in the Christian names given, we inquired of Mr Mackenzie whether he was sure that *John* was the name of the Glasgow schoolmaster to whom he referred. In reply, he says—"I am *not* sure that Macintyre's name was *John*. It is probable that I said and thought so from having known that his father's name was *John*. If the James Macintyre, schoolmaster,

Glasgow, who died in 1835, was the same, it must have been in that year that I saw him there. He was then apparently about middle age, and did not look robust. His father died an old man at Letterewe several years before 1835. Macintyre showed me his MS. My recollection of it (now fifty years since) is a volume of what is known in the trade as 'demy octavo,' a little larger than your *Magazine*, and from one to two inches thick. I know that he had completed the work, and that he was only prevented from publishing it by his poverty. It is probable that he was treating with a printer direct, because, as you know, publishers were not liberal to Gaelic authors in those days."

The MS. in our possession being foolscap quarto, and not more than three quarters of an inch thick, does not quite correspond with the description and dimensions above indicated by Mr Mackenzie. If it is, as is probable, by the same Macintyre, it appears to be an entirely different work. It is exclusively topographical, and as a record of observations on Gaelic place-names, it is full of interesting suggestions. We may, at some future time, give a few extracts from it; meanwhile, our quest is for the Macintyre Dictionary, which is said to have been published, and of which, if this be the case, copies must still be extant. Any of our correspondents who can throw any further light on the subject will greatly oblige by communicating such additional items of information as may be at their command. The subject is, in many respects, important, as the credit of constructing our first real Gaelic dictionary is still an "unsettled award."

After the foregoing was in type, we have received one or two fragments of additional information which enable us to state with a degree of certainty that the Glasgow schoolmaster's name was *James*. We further find from John Mackenzie's introduction to Macalpine's Dictionary that he was the author of one of a series of essays on Gaelic orthography contributed to a Philological Society in Glasgow, and that his production, and other three by well-known Highlanders, were "distinguished for ability and research." Mr Macintyre's half-brother, the Rev. Mr Murdo Macintyre, Dingwall, never heard of his publishing any dictionary, nor of his writing anything of that description, except a vocabulary of the Gaelic names of places and their meanings. This latter is doubtless the MS., portion of which is in our possession. There never was, therefore, any Macintyre Gaelic Dictionary published.